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BOOK 3:
THE BATTLE FOR CALAMARI

Brought to a sinister and beautiful world called *Byss*, Luke Skywalker finds himself the prisoner of *Emperor Palpatine*, now triumphantly alive!

As the villainous Emperor explains to Luke, it was to Byss that his living energy was transported when his diseased and corrupted body was destroyed by Darth Vader. On Byss he took a new *clone body* — as he had *many times before*.

Once restored to physical life, the Emperor allowed the civil war to rage on while he quietly and patiently rebuilt his forces, preparing a massive final blow against all who would deny him everlasting dominion over the Empire!

Even now, as Luke appears to fall under the Emperor's ever-expanding power, massive engines of destruction are inflicting death blows to the floating cities of the Calamari, long-standing allies of the Rebel Alliance...

In response to Admiral Ackbar's urgent commands, the Rebel Destroyer *Emancipator*, together with an armada of Frigates and Star Cruisers, makes the hyperspace jump to the Calamari water world, ready to engage the Emperor's *World Devastators*!

HYPERSPACE -- ABOARD THE REBEL STAR DESTROYER EMANCIPATOR.

GENERAL CALRISSIAN, WE'VE INTERCEPTED A NEW HYPERSPACE COMMUNICATIONS CHANNEL ... BEAMED BETWEEN CALAMARI'S ORBIT AND THE GALACTIC CORE.

THEY'RE TRANSMITTING IMAGES OF THE DESTRUCTION ON CALAMARI...

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE WAR MACHINES, LANDO!

THEY'RE DOING US A REAL FAVOR BY BEAMING THOSE IMAGES, WEDGE...

GRIGGS! RECALCULATE OUR EXIT FROM HYPERSPACE AT TWO DEGREES FROM THEIR POINT OF TRANSMISSION!

YES, SIR! THE NAVICOMPUTER SAYS WE CAN MAKE THAT ADJUSTMENT, SIR.

ARE YOU CRAZY? IF WE LEAVE HYPERSPACE AT THOSE COORDINATES, WE'LL SMASH INTO WHATEVER'S SENDING THIS SIGNAL!

THAT'S THE IDEA, WEDGE!

COORDINATES LOCKED IN, GENERAL CALRISSIAN. WE EXIT HYPERSPACE IN FORTY-FIVE SECONDS!

STAND BY TO CUT IN SUBLIGHT ENGINES...

ZEV! FIRE ALL FORWARD TURBOLASERS AND ION CANNONS AT MY COMMAND--

YES, SIR!

AT THE SPLIT SECOND IT EMERGES FROM HYPERSPACE, THE REBEL STAR DESTROYER UNLEASHES THE FULL DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF ITS FORWARD-FIRING WEAPONS!

THE EMPEROR'S SUPER STAR DESTROYER *ALLEGIANCE*, SOURCE OF THE BATTLE TRANSMISSIONS, IS CAUGHT WITH ITS DEFLECTOR SHIELDS DOWN--

WE'RE BLASTING THROUGH!

ALL SHIPS FOLLOW OUR LEAD!

WE COPY, *EMANCIPATOR*!

TORPEDOES, ON THE *MARK*!

THAT'S IT! INFORM PINNACLE BASE WE'RE IN POSITION OVER CALAMARI!

DEFLECTOR SHIELDS UP! PREPARE TO TAKE FURTHER OFFENSIVE ACTION!

THE REST OF THE FLEET'S THROUGH, SIR! THEY'RE HOLDING THE OTHER STAR DESTROYERS!

DROP THE X-WINGS AND SPEEDER TRANSPORTS!

WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE AND *HAMMER* THOSE DEVASTATORS!

X-WINGS AND TRANSPORTS AWAY!

REBEL PILOTS, THEIR SKILLS HONED BY YEARS OF RELENTLESS WARFARE, SWOOP UNERRINGLY TOWARD THE FLOATING CALAMARI CITIES -- AND THE DEADLY *WORLD DEVASTATORS!*

EMANCIPATOR, THIS IS GREEN LEADER... WE'RE IN OPEN FORMATION AND STINGING HARD!

MEANWHILE, ON THE CONTROL DECK OF DEVASTATOR *SILENCER 7*:

COMMANDER KLEV, WE ARE BEING ATTACKED FROM LOW ORBIT. X-WING FIGHTERS AND SPEEDERS... LAUNCHED FROM AN IMPERIAL-CLASS STAR DESTROYER!

THAT WILL BE THE CURSED REBEL ALLIANCE... THEY CAPTURED TWO OF OUR SHIPS AT ENDOR, YEARS AGO.

SIR, YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THOSE X-WINGS ARE NOTHING BUT *ANTIQUES.*

THEY HAVEN'T THE *SLIGHTEST* CHANCE OF PENETRATING OUR DEFENSES.

YES. AND THEY CAN HARDLY REALIZE THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER AT OUR COMMAND... THEIR GAME IS *OVER.*

SEND A MESSAGE TO BYSS. INFORM *SUPREME COMMANDER SKYWALKER* OF THEIR PRESENCE...

MEANWHILE, LET'S GIVE THE ALLIANCE A TASTE OF WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST!

STILL DEFENDING THEIR FLOATING CITIES AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS, THE VALIANT *MON CALAMARI* EXULT AT THE SUDDEN REBEL ONSLAUGHT!

ADMIRAL ACKBAR HAS NOT ABANDONED US! HE'S CALLED DOWN THE *WHOLE ALLIANCE* ON THEIR HEADS!

EMANCIPATOR, THIS IS GREEN LEADER.

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HAVING AN EFFECT... ONE OF THE DEVASTATORS IS PULLING BACK...

NO, WAIT--

IT'S RELEASING SOME NEW KIND OF TIE FIGHTER!

FULLY ROBOTIC TIES ROLL OFF THE DEVASTATOR'S ONBOARD ASSEMBLY LINES AND INTO THE FRAY!

THEY'VE HIT GREEN LEADER!

PULL OUT! PULL OUT!

SPEWING HUNDREDS OF THE SHINY NEW ATTACK SHIPS FROM ITS MECHANICAL ENTRAILS, THE GREAT DEVASTATOR PULLS AWAY FROM THE PLANET'S SURFACE--

IMPERIAL DEVASTATOR IN ASCENT TRAJECTORY, SIR.

I'VE GOT A REALLY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...

ME TOO, BOSS.

GUNNERS--

--TARGET ALL WEAPONS SYSTEMS ON APPROACHING DEVASTATOR!

EMANCIPATOR TO PINNACLE BASE! WE'RE IN TROUBLE! ONE OF THE WORLDSMASHERS IS COMIN' STRAIGHT AT US --

--FIRE ALL FORWARD TORPEDOES!

I'M TRYING, SIR! OUR FORWARD-FIRING SYSTEMS WON'T RESPOND!

IT'S NO USE, LANDO-- EMANCIPATOR IS GOING TO BE NOTHING BUT SCRAP!

THAT'S TWO STAR DESTROYERS WE'VE LOST!... MAN THE ESCAPE PODS--!

THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN THIS BAD FOR THE ALLIANCE SINCE VADER WAS ALIVE!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AT PINNACLE BASE, REBEL COMMAND POST ON THE FIFTH MOON OF DA SOOCHA, PRINCESS LEIA RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISITATION: A VISION OF THE PAST!

F-FATHER? IS IT... YOU?

NO... YOUR FATHER IS FREE... WITH ALL THE JEDI WHO WENT BEFORE...

...AND DARTH VADER LIVES NO MORE... MY--

--SISTER.

LEIA... DO NOT TRY TO FIND ME...

DO NOT INTERFERE.

DESTINY HAS FORCED ME TO FOLLOW THE PATH OUR FATHER TOOK... IT WAS THE ONLY WAY...

...THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE EVERYTHING... FROM THE POWER OF THE DARK SIDE!

LUKE-- NO!

THAT CANNOT BE! YOU KNOW THAT!

HOW CAN YOU SAVE US BY JOINING WITH THE DARK SIDE? YOU'LL DESTROY YOURSELF...

...AND YOU'LL DESTROY US WITH YOU!

SUDDENLY ANOTHER PRESENCE SEEMS TO OVERSHADOW THE VISION OF SKYWALKER... AND LEIA HEARS THE SEPULCHRAL TONES OF THE DARK SIDE...

YESS, LITTLE JEDI... YOUR BROTHER HAS RISKED ALL--

--AND LOST!

HELLO?

PRINCESS LEIA?

OH, THERE YOU ARE... I REALLY NEEDED THAT REST TO REVITALIZE MY TRANSLATION CIRCUITS--

OH, MY WORD! SHE'S COLLAPSED!

MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF HIS WIFE'S DISTRESS, HAN SOLO INSTRUCTS NEW RECRUITS IN THE MAIN HANGAR.

A MAJOR WEAPONS MANUFACTURING PLANT HAS JUST *DEPOSED* ITS GOVERNOR AND JOINED THE ALLIANCE...

YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE RESULTS--THE *LATEST* HOT IMPERIAL FIGHTER. *WE'VE* GOT IT. AND YOU GUYS GET TO *FLY* IT!

NOT ONLY DO YOU GET TO FLY IT--BUT YOU GET TO FLY IT *TOMORROW!*

WHY'S THAT, GENERAL SOLO?

'CAUSE WE JUST GOT WORD WE'RE GETTING THE *STUFFING* KICKED OUT OF UG ON CALAMARI BY THOSE NEW *WAR MACHINES*...

I HAVEN'T GONE UP AGAINST 'EM, UNFORTUNATELY, BUT I'M TOLD THEY'RE MEANER THAN THE *DEATH STAR*...

...SO YOU GUYS HAVE GOT YOUR *WORK* CUT OUT FOR YOU!

OVER HERE WE HAVE THE LATEST *ALLIANCE* FIGHTER CRAFT--THE *E-WING*.

IT'S A GOOD SHIP, BUT WE'VE HAD TO BEEF UP THE CANNONS TO THE POINT WHERE THEY *MIGHT* BLOW UP IN YOUR FACE... AIN'T THAT RIGHT, CHEWIE?

GNAARRRUHN!

UH-OH... HERE COMES MON MOTHMA WITH A REAL STRANGE LOOK ON HER FACE...

CHEWIE--BETTER QUIT PLAYIN' AROUND AND FINISH BUTTONING UP THE *FALCON*... I GOT A FEELIN' THIS IS IT...

IT'S LEIA ... PLEASE COME.

LEIA? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WE'RE NOT SURE. SHE'S SUFFERED SOME KIND OF COLLAPSE. SHE'S RESTING IN THE INFIRMARY.

GENERAL SOLO, I THINK PRINCESS LEIA HAS SHORT-CIRCUITED! SHE KEEPS BABBLING NONSENSE ABOUT *MASTER LUKE!*

RUSHING TO HIS WIFE'S SIDE, SOLO FINDS LEIA IN SHOCK, OVERWHELMED BY FORE-KNOWLEDGE OF HER BROTHER'S FATE.

IT'S TRUE, HAN... THE FORCE IS BRINGING ME *CLOSER* TO LUKE... EVEN THOUGH HE'S LIGHT-YEARS AWAY...

HE'S IN *TERRIBLE* TROUBLE, HAN. THE DARK SIDE IS SWALLOWING HIM WHOLE! WE'VE *GOT* TO FIND HIM!

SURE, WHY NOT? THERE'S ONLY TWELVE *MILLION* INHABITED STAR SYSTEMS OUT THERE... IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I CAN FIND HIM... THE FORCE WILL *LEAD* ME TO HIM...

LUKE IS PROBABLY THE LAST FULLY REALIZED JEDI, GENERAL SOLO. IF HE IS LOST-- IT MAY BE *OVER* FOR THE REBEL ALLIANCE... AND THE GALAXY.

YEAH, WELL, IF HE'S SUCH A GREAT JEDI, HOW COME I HAVE TO KEEP *RESCUING* HIM?

HAN--!

OKAY, OKAY... ANYWAY, I WAS GETTING *ANTSY* PLAYING PROFESSOR TO THESE GREEN *KIDS* YOU'VE BEEN RECRUITING...

...AND CHEWIE'S JUST *FINISHED* THE OVERHAUL...

...BUT LET'S GET *REALISTIC*--

--WHERE EXACTLY *IS* LUKE? AND ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE UP TO ANOTHER LIGHT-SPEED HOP? YOU'RE LOOKING AWFULLY *PALE*.

LUKE IS SOMEWHERE IN THE *DEEP GALACTIC CORE*...THOSE REGIONS HAVE BEEN SEALED OFF BY THE EMPIRE FOR DECADES...

HAN...IT'S A VERY DANGEROUS JOURNEY FOR *ALL* OF US...

YEAH, THAT'S A TOUGH ONE...BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

WE'LL NEED THE HELP OF SOME PEOPLE I KNOW... PEOPLE WHO HAVE *PAID* FOR *PERMISSION* TO TRAVEL THE DEEP CORE...

AND SO, ONCE AGAIN HAN AND LEIA AND CHEWBACCA PREPARE TO ABANDON THE SAFETY OF PINNACLE BASE--

THREEPIO...THIS MISSION IS TOO RISKY... YOU'RE NEEDED HERE.

IF YOU FIND ARTOO, *HE'S* GOING TO NEED ME-- FOR EMOTIONAL SUPPORT!

PLEASE LET ME GO WITH YOU!

GOOD LUCK, SOLO. BRING SKYWALKER *BACK* THIS TIME.

WE WILL, GENERAL RIEEKAN, BELIEVE ME. I *ALWAYS* GET IT RIGHT THE SECOND TIME--

C'MON, GOLDENROD-- SHUT UP AND GET ON THE SHIP! I CAN USE YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE NEGATIVE POWER COUPLINGS.

ACCOMPANIED BY SWARMS OF IXLLS, THE MILLENNIUM FALCON VAULTS TOWARD DEEP SPACE.

GENERAL RIEEKAN, IT IS NOW CLEAR TO ME THAT THE FUTURE OF THE NEW REPUBLIC DEPENDS ON THE REVIVAL OF THE JEDI KNIGHTS...

...IF LUKE IS LOST TO THE DARK SIDE, THE ALLIANCE IS FINISHED.

SET COORDINATES FOR THE NAL HUTTA SYSTEM, CHEWIE. WE'RE GOING TO VISIT SOME OLD FRIENDS--

NAL HUTTA--? HAN, ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT'S JABBA'S HOMEWORLD!

NAL HUTTA, A NAME THAT MEANS "GLORIOUS JEWEL" IN HUTTESE, IS ONE OF THE SYSTEMS TO WHICH HUTTS MIGRATED IN GREAT NUMBERS OVER THE CENTURIES. IT IS ALSO THE BIRTHPLACE OF JABBA THE HUTT.

NAL HUTTA'S GREAT SPACEPORT MOON, NAR SHADDAA, IS PRESENTLY THE CENTER OF SMUGGLING ACTIVITIES THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

IN THE DAYS BEFORE HYPERSPACE TRAVEL, NAR SHADDAA WAS A HEAVILY POPULATED WAYSTATION AND CARGO PORT--

--NOW IT'S AN UNGOVERNED, DERELICT WORLD, A PLACE WHERE THE ONLY LAW IS THE *DEAL* YOU CUT WITH YOUR FRIEND... AND YOUR *ENEMY!*

WELCOME TO NAR SHADDAA!

CHEWIE--KICK IN THE SUBLIGHT ENGINES.

WHUARRN!

HAN, EVERYBODY KNOWS NAR SHADDAA IS *CRAWLING* WITH HUTTS AND BOUNTY HUNTERS--

--THERE'S *BOUND* TO BE A HUGE PRICE ON OUR HEADS AFTER WHAT I DID TO JABBA!

YEAH... I THOUGHT OF THAT.

BUT I'VE GOT *FRIENDS* HERE. THIS IS *HOME!*

...LOOK! THERE'S MY OLD BUDDY *MAKO*-- JUST COMIN' UP ON THE MONITOR!

SOLO! CHEWBACCA! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MINDS COMIN' HERE! EVERY BOUNTY HUNTER IN THE GALAXY IS LOOKIN' FOR THE MILLENNIUM FALCON!

THE HUTTS HAVE *QUADRUPLED* THE ASKIN' PRICE--*DEAD OR ALIVE.*

IT'S NICE TO FEEL *WANTED*, MAKO... OPEN THE SHIELDS!

WHERE YOU BEEN? SHIELDS CONKED OUT *SIX* YEARS AGO!

C'MON IN, SOLO! BUT YOU'RE *ASKIN'* FOR TROUBLE!

THANKS, MAKO! IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S FOUND ME ALREADY!

GNRRAWWNN!

AS HAN THREADS THE *FALCON* INTO THE MILES-HIGH GRID OF DECAYING PORT CITIES AND DOCKING TOWERS, CHEWBACCA EXCHANGES CONCUSSION FIRE WITH THEIR PURSUERS--

GOOD SHOOTIN', CHEWIE! *THAT'LL* TEACH THOSE SPACE PUNKS!

WANT ME TO GET ON THE TURRET GUN?

NAH...WE'LL OUTRUN 'EM.

CHEWIE--PUT EVERYTHING INTO THE REAR DEFLECTOR SHIELDS...

I'VE GOT ANOTHER BUDDY--*NINX*. FIXES SHIPS FOR A LIVING... HE STILL OWES ME ONE... LESSEE... WHAT'S HIS COMM-CODE?

PENETRATING THE DEFUNCT SHIELD PERIMETER, THE *FALCON* ENTERS THE CANYONS OF THE *CORELLIAN SECTOR*--WHERE HAN SOLO LEARNED THE SMUGGLER'S TRADE AS A YOUTH--

NINX! YOU'D BETTER STILL BE HERE OR--

HAN! MAKO JUST GOT OFF THE *LINK*-- SAID YOU WERE COMIN' MY WAY...

SORRY... I'M IN ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH THE HUTTS! NO CAN DO!

C'MON, NINX! I SAVED YOUR SKIN WHEN YOU GOT CAUGHT RUNNIN' *ION TRIGGERS* TO THE ZYGGURATS... REMEMBER?

NHUARRN!

YEAH... WHO COULD FORGET? BUT I PAID YOU BACK, BUDDY. REMEMBER THAT *FREE* POWER CORE AND SHIELD GENERATOR I GAVE YA AFTER--

CUT THE GAB, NINX! I'M COMIN' IN!

OPEN THE CHUTE!

YEAH... BUT... OH, ALL RIGHT. CHUTE'S UNLOCKED. GET YOUR TAIL IN HERE! BUT IT'S GONNA *COST* YA!

A BLAZING ADVERTISING HOLOSCREEN MASKS THE ENTRANCE TO SHUG NINX'S REPAIR FACILITY --

--A MILES-LONG ACCESS CHUTE THAT CUTS INTO THE CORRUPT HEART OF THE CITY!

NINX! ONE OF THE BOUNTY HUNTERS FOLLOWED US INTO THE CHUTE! HIT HIM!

HANG ON, SOLO... THE SECURITY SYSTEM'S BEEN GIVING ME TROUBLE... I'M HAND-CODING YOU INTO THE SCANNER. WAIT A MINUTE...

HIT HIM, NINX-- STOP PLAYIN' GAMES! POWER JUST DROPPED 60% ON MY DEFLECTOR SHIELDS!

OKAY, SOLO... HERE WE GO.

SECURITY TURBOS GOT HIM NAILED!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER THE *FALCON* ROARS INTO NINX'S REPAIR SHOP-- A MASSIVE *SPACER'S GARAGE* FILLED WITH DISMEMBERED SHIPS AND THE GREASY CLUTTER OF A LIFETIME.

SOLO! CHEWBACCA! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU GUYS IN A RANCOR'S AGE!

HEARD YOU *KILLED* JABBA... *NOBODY* KILLS A HUTT AND LIVES!

YEAH, WELL... ACTUALLY MY *WIFE* DID IT.

LEIA... THIS IS *SHUG NINX*. HE'S GOT THAT CORELLIAN HEART OF GOLD...AND SILVER... AND SPICE.

EXCUSE ME...WOULD YOU MIND IF I USED YOUR *OIL BATH*? NO ONE'S REMEMBERED TO LUBRICATE ME THEY'RE ALL SO BUSY *FIGHTING*.

LEIA. SO YOU ACED OL' JABBA! GUESS YOU'RE A LOT *ROUGHER* THAN YOU LOOK!

SURE--RIGHT OVER THERE. HELP YOURSELF, GOLD DOME.

NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' HERE, SOLO, BUT I WANT YOU GUYS TO KNOW OL' NINX IS *MORE* THAN HAPPY TO PUT HIS OWN LIFE ON THE LINE FOR YA--

--BUT THE TRUTH IS, THINGS ARE REAL CRAZY RIGHT NOW. THE *IMPERIALS* ARE BUYING UP CARGO SPACE ON EVERY TIN CAN IN THE GALAXY.

THE ACTION IS IN HEAVY-EQUIPMENT RUNS... MOVIN' *MILITARY HARDWARE.*

THAT'S WHY *SALLA* HERE IS BUILDIN' THAT MONSTER SHIP YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT -- *THE STARLIGHT INTRUDER.*

HAN SOLO... YOU NERF-HERDIN' SON OF A --

HOW MANY YEARS SINCE YOU WALKED OUT ON ME?

UH... HI, SALLA. LONG TIME NO SEE.

LISTEN, ALL WE NEED IS A SHIP THAT'S *LEGAL* FOR MAKIN' A DEEP-CORE RUN. THE ALLIANCE WILL PAY 100,000 CREDITS-- IN *CASH.*

SOUNDS INTRIGUING, SOLO. THE *INTRUDER* IS REGISTERED FOR DEEP-CORE FREIGHT HAULING... BUT HE'S NOT *READY* YET. STILL NEEDS HIS HYPERDRIVE OVERHAULED.

BY THE WAY, WHO'S THE *LADY?*

LEIA. HAN AND I ARE MARRIED.

MY CONDOLENCES, DEAR... HAN'S *GREAT* FUN, BUT HE'S A *SCOUNDREL...* HE'LL BREAK YOUR HEART.

SHE *LIKES* SCOUNDRELS.

NOT TOO LONG... MAYBE NINX'LL LET ME TAKE THE HYPERDRIVE OUT OF THAT STINKIN' HUTT CHARIOT IN THE CORNER.

SURE... WHAT THE HECK. BUT WE'LL NEED SOME OF THOSE FANCY *POWER COUPLINGS* YOU KEEP STASHED IN YOUR OLD DIGS, SOLO...

NOW, C'MON... HOW *LONG* BEFORE THE *STARLIGHT INTRUDER* CAN BE SHIPSHAPE?

WE'RE IN A *BIG* HURRY.

AND LESSEE...

CAN THE WOOKIEE STILL HANDLE A *HYDROSPANNER?*

ARE YOU *KIDDING?*

HAN, TELL CHEWIE TO HELP THESE PEOPLE FIX THEIR SHIP... NOW LET'S GET *MOVING!*

EVERY SECOND WE WASTE, LUKE FALLS DEEPER INTO DARKNESS!

TWO LEVELS DOWN, AMIDST THE GLITTER AND DECAY OF THE *SPACEPORT MOON*, HAN AND LEIA HEAD TOWARD HAN'S OLD LIVING QUARTERS--

THIS IS WHERE YOU USED TO *LIVE*?

YEAH... NOTHIN' SPECIAL... JUST A PLACE WHERE I COULD STASH MY GEAR BETWEEN TRIPS...

CITY SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN ON BAD TIMES...

NOT AS *NICE* AS I REMEMBER... BUT THEN, NOTHING EVER IS.

BOUNTY HUNTERS. LET'S COOL IT FOR A MINUTE.

YOU.

JEDI.

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

JEDI! JEDI! VIMA KNOWS! VIMA CAN *SEE* THE FORCE!

HEY--!

THAT'S OKAY, HAN. LET ME TALK TO HER.

OH, DAUGHTER OF THE FORCE... CAN YOU *FORGIVE* VIMA FOR HER CRIMES?

WHO ARE YOU? TELL ME!

I CAN FEEL THE FORCE IN YOU... COVERED BY A GREAT SHADOW...

FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS, DAUGHTER... VIMA WAS JEDI...

...VIMA BETRAYED HER OWN... VIMA TRIED TO FORGET...

IN THE TIME OF DYING... VIMA HURLED HERSELF DOWN AMONG THE LOST... TO ESCAPE THE GREAT SCOURGE...

...EVERYONE WAS HUNTED AND EVERYONE WAS KILLED...

BUT YOU! YOU LIVE!

YOU CONTAIN THE SPARK THAT WILL REKINDLE THE FIRE.

NE CHUTTA KA WONGA?

NO, I DON'T NEED A HYPERSPACE COMPASS.

BUZZ OFF.

YOU ARE JEDI... VIMA KNOWS. VIMA CAN FEEL IT...

WHERE IS IT?

YES... HERE IS IT...

JEDI... GREAT JEDI SHE IS...

TAKE. YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS. IT WAS VIMA'S. VIMA WANTS YOU TO HAVE THIS.

C'MON, LEIA... LET'S GET MOVING. WE'RE ATTRACTING THE WRONG KIND OF ATTENTION.

TH- THANK YOU.

LET'S GO... WHAT'S THAT?

A GIFT...

...FROM A JEDI.

SHE'S GONE.

LET'S DO THE SAME THING. MY CAVE IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

NICE BUILDING YOU PICKED TO LIVE IN.

I CAN'T COMPLAIN... WON THIS JOINT IN A SABACC GAME... WHAT ELSE?

LET'S SEE IF SQUATTERS GOT IN AND CHANGED THE LOCKS ON ME...

HI, ZEE-ZEE...

GOSH, I SEE YOU DID A GREAT JOB OF TAKING CARE OF THE PLACE WHILE I WAS GONE!

MR. SOLO... SO... kik... GOOD TO... kik... kik.

FZT... A MR. FETT TO SEE YOU, SIR...

FZT... A MR. FETT TO SEE YOU, SIR...

FZT... A MR. FETT TO SEE YOU, SIR...

MISTER WHO? WHAT THE--

G85